

Half Minute Manhunt

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Summary: A mysterious stranger torments a lost soul in the most dangerous city on Earth. Will he ever find his redemption? Rated E for Edgy.

Half Minute Manhunt

I was walking down the streets of Kill City, one of the most dirty, vile, disgusting, diseased, dangerous areas in the entire world. That doesn't matter for someone like me though. But instead of telling, I think I'd be better if I showed you.

* * *

><p>Never mind, doesn't support video links. Looks like I'm telling you.<p>

****Chapter 1: The Reckoning****

I came across a dark ally and a thug with a lead pipe ran out and tried to bash my head in. I took the pipe from his hands and smacked him in the knees, forcing him down to the ground, crying. "You son of a bitch!" He yells. I asked him where he got the pipe, but I my voice was so deep and brooding that he couldn't understand me. I showed him a video of what I said, since showing is better then telling anyway. He says "Bastard!" And I hit him with the pipe and his head explodes. Lead pipes aren't good for irrigation, and could lead to water pollution. What if someone had planted them on purpose, in order to create more sickness?

But then I realized that would be stupid and I put the pipe down. I ventured down the alley where two rabid dogs ran towards me. There was a fence between me and them, though, so it wasn't really anything to worry about. I saw a shadowy figure on the roof and climbed up one of the pipes to reach him. The pipes were rusty and fell down to the ground. Not the pipes I was climbing, those were fine. I pull myself up to the roof but the figure is gone. Hmph. I light a cigar causing

me to burst into flames and I realized that the shadowy figure poured flammable oil all over me while I was busy observing the other pipes. I had no choice but to fling off all of my clothes in one fell swoop. Too bad I didn't know how to do that, and I ended up with 3rd degree burns across my back. "Bastard!" I scream, looking around for the perpetrator. I look over to the other roof and there he sits. He snickers like a little bitch and I take out my pistol and shoot him in the chest. "You son of a bitch!" He yells before disappearing in a swarm of bats. There can only be one possible explanation. He's an immigrant.

I jump over to the other roof in order to see what I could gather about the figure, but I trip and fall back down into the alley. The two dogs run at me and I'm able to shoot one of them when I realize that they aren't dogs but the figure itself.

No, but seriously, the dogs made me lose a lot of blood before I was able to escape, and I broke both my legs on the fall. I knew I had to find out who this figure was and kill him

****Chapter 2: They Wreckoning****

After I got stitched up I got HIV from a needle that the doctor used and I knew I had limited time to find this guy before I died. "Bastard!" I screamed as I shot the doctor for giving me a very serious disease. I was cruising off some cash, so I looked into his safe, and there was a severed head. But not just any severed head, it was my severed head! I looked in the mirror and saw that I had the head of a robot! "You son of a bitch!", I said to myself. How this will effect my mission I can't be sure.

I kicked the doctor's door off it's hinges, throwing into the street where a semi swerved to avoid it and crashed into a nearby tenement. Due to the usage of cheap construction to maximize profit, the tenements were very unstable, leading to the whole structure coming tumbling down. I walked across the street, causing another semi to swerve out of the way and crash into the doctor's office, destroying the evidence of my murder. I then called the cops and confessed my murder.

****Chapter 3: Thai Requening****

You may be asking yourself why I would turn myself into the police. I was asking myself the same thing, it was a stupid fucking idea. But as I entered the prison I saw that this was no ordinary prison, it was a very bad prison. I got thrown into a cell with a bunch of dangerous criminals, all of whom looked like they wanted to curb me. "You know what time it is?" One of them says. "No." I respond, and then rip his head off. The other inmates come at me but I use a spin kick to hit my ankle on the metal bed frame and fall to the ground in agony. The inmates start beating the shit out of me and it undoes all of the stitching and I start bleeding profusely. So much so that it propels all of the inmates against the walls. I whip out my pistol that I was able to conceal in my stomach and shoot the wall 9 times in the row. I can't aim very well because my hand's shaking a shit ton because of the blood loss. But the wall falls over do to bad contracting and falls on all of the inmates, killing them. Two guards run in, one with his baton out and another covering his face, oh shit! The mysterious figure! I shoot lasers out of my eyes, but the recoil on that shit is so damn terrible that it sends me flying

backwards through the prison walls and into the street, where a semi swerves out of the way and crashes into the prison, breaking down the entire structure. The mysterious figure jumps out of the wreckage and into the street, causing a semi to swerve out of the way and crash into the police station, hitting the explosives armory and causing the entire thing to go up in flames. "You son of a bitch!" I yell and I pick myself up. I was all out of pistol bullets, so I would have to use my CQC. This would be our final confrontation.

****Chapter 4: Though Rayconing****

He kicked my ass.

****Fin****

End
file.